THE CRISIS,

A POEM.

13

THE

CRISIS,

OR THE

BRITISH MUSE

TO THE

BRITISH MINISTER

AND

NATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF INDIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Thomas Maurice

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY R. FAULDER, NEW BOND-STREET.

1798.

[*Price Half-a-Crown.*]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following verſes were written, without much attention to method, during the ſhort intervals allowed from more laborious and important ſtudies. They breathe, it is preſumed, the ſentiments and language of every reflecting indignant Briton at this awful CRISIS! The adoption by the ſucceſſive rulers of France of a ſyſtem of government marked by more atrocious outrages againſt ſociety than ever diſgraced the reign of the moſt ſanguinary tyrant of Aſia, under the ſpecious pretence of diffuſing the principles of LIBERTY among mankind, appeared

peared to the author to demand that decided language of reprobation, which, in the ſubſequent pages, is by no means leſs ſincerely beſtowed than it is richly merited by thoſe who provoked it. It was once the ardent hope of ſome men of enlarged and enlightened minds in this country, that, with its ancient deſpotiſm, the deep-rooted animoſity that has ſo long ſubſiſted between France and England would have terminated. Recent events have proved that animoſity to be unextinguiſhable. That, henceforth, nationally, it ſhould be ſo *in a certain degree*, ſo as not to exclude the operations of Chriſtian charity and candour, is the firm opinion of the author of this Poem; and under that conviction it was principally written.

The

The Author embraces this opportunity of informing the Patrons and Friends of his Hiſtory of Ancient India, that he flatters himſelf he ſhall be able to have his ſecond volume of that work ready for delivery to the Subſcribers early in the enſuing winter. He takes permiſſion, alſo, reſpectfully to add, that the ſubſcription, commenced for the kind purpoſe of obviating the difficulties which have hitherto retarded its completion, and which are not yet entirely removed, ſtill continues open at the banking-houſe of Meſſrs WALWYN, PETRIE, and Co. No. 150, New Bond-Street.

No. 19, Princes-Street, Cavendiſh-Square,
June 1, 1798.

THE

THE

CRISIS.

OH! Thou, whoſe laurels through each circling year,
As long as Time rolls on his vaſt career,
While public Virtue fires th'admiring ſoul,
Or Genius awes it with her ſtrong controul,
Shall brighter bloom,—Britannia's early pride,
Whoſe talents charm her, and whoſe counſels guide;—
If the dark ſtorms, that ſtill o'er Europe lower,
For letter'd eaſe allow one tranſient hour;
If yet thy ſoul the heav'n-born Muſe delight,
Sublime, of potent voice, and eagle flight;
When, fir'd in virtue's cauſe, ſhe pours along
The thund'ring torrent of Tyrtæan ſong:

Immortal Son of an immortal Sire,
To Thee that Muſe awakes the patriot lyre.

For others let the fragrant incenſe burn,
Wafted from adulation's flaming urn;
Unaw'd by menaces, unwarp'd by praiſe,
Proud ſterling Virtue ſeeks no borrow'd bays;
While Genius, tow'ring on its throne of light,
Shines in its own tranſcendent luſtre bright;
The flame it feels through kindred boſoms ſpreads,
And wide the intellectual radiance ſheds:
As yon bright orb that lights the diſtant pole,
And warms the glitt'ring ſpheres that round it roll,
Exhauſtleſs, flames with undiminiſh'd beam,
Nor miſſes from its fount th'immortal ſtream.

Glowing in youth with freedom's holy fire,
Arm'd with the ſpirit of thy dauntleſs ſire,
Exulting Britain call'd thee to the helm,
And hail'd thee Guardian of the ſinking realm.
Taught thee to graſp the bolt that father hurl'd,
Her own dread bolt that awes the ſubject world;

At the fierce Gaul th'avenging ſhaft to aim,
And blaſt her foes with its devouring flame.
When o'er her late* the black'ning tempeſt ſpread,
Threat'ning to burſt on her devoted head;
When Faction wav'd on high her flaming brand,
And lawleſs Uproar rag'd around the land;
While ruffian bands combin'd to trample down
Her ruin'd altars and her plunder'd crown;
In that dread CRISIS of her darkeſt hour,
How nobly did thy daring genius tow'r!
Well ſkill'd Britannia's ſtately bark to guide,
Thou ſteerd'ſt her ſafely through the boiſt'rous tide;
The madneſs of the raging billows brav'd,
And with thy pow'rful arm AN EMPIRE SAV'D:
Firm as the rocks that gird her ſea-beat ſhore,
While round their baſe the deaf'ning ſurges roar.

Let the ferocious Gaul, with blood defil'd,
Stalk the firſt ſavage of the boundleſs wild;

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* Alluding to the anarchical period immediately preceding the paſſing of the Acts for the better preventing Sedition and Treaſon.

With bold impiety his God blaſpheme,
And brand religion as the bigot's dream;
Let him, too faithful to his barb'rous creed,
And from the burning goad of conſcience freed,
Rend all the ſacred moral ties that bind,
In chains of ſocial intercourſe, mankind;
With fire and ſword the ravag'd globe deface,
The ſcourge and horror of the human race!
While the dire guillotine in ſecret gleams,
'Mid beauty's piercing ſhrieks and infant ſcreams,
And countleſs victims, in the whelming wave
Plung'd headlong, make the frighted Soane their grave;—
But Britons, faithful to the altar's fire,
Oh ſtill, with fervent zeal, to heav'n aſpire.
Cloſe by that altar tow'rs a ſhrine ſublime,
Whoſe adamant defies the rage of time;
To Liberty that ſhrine your fathers rais'd,
And, while the radiant flames of incenſe blaz'd,
And while they claſh'd aloft the brandiſh'd ſword,
To heav'n's high throne their ardent vows they pour'd;
Ceaſeleſs to watch thoſe ſacred fires they ſwore,
To Freedom burning on her fav'rite ſhore;

And with the nobleſt blood that warm'd their veins
From inſult guard Religion's hallow'd fanes.
Ever may Britons at thoſe altars bend,
And with the Patriot's fire the Chriſtian's blend;
Alike for virtue as for freedom glow,
And burſt in vengeance on the ruffian foe,
Who, with envenom'd rage thoſe ſhrines ſurround,
Altars and thrones would level with the ground;
And on their ſmoaking ruins rear on high
Far diff'rent fanes to brave th'inſulted ſky;
Fanes where dark Hecat, with her rav'ning brood,
Shall nightly quaff rich ſtreams of infant blood;
Atheiſts their Maker curſe; dire murderers yell;
And licens'd dæmons act the rites of hell!
Oh! born the guardian of our ſinking ſtate,
Born to ſnatch Europe from the jaws of fate,
With firmneſs, PITT, undaunted, perſevere,
While righteous Heav'n applauds and men revere;
From Uſurpation wreſt her ill-got pow'r,
Chain down her vultures, burning to devour;
Bid Liberty the toiling ſlave illume,
And chaſe the horrors of the dungeon's gloom.

Britons,

Britons, the **CRISIS** of your fate draws near,
Exalt your ſtandards, graſp th'avenging ſpear;
In radiant arms indiſſolubly join'd,
Be firm, — and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

Spirit of Roberſpierre! that lov'ſt to rove
The deathful cavern and funereal grove,
What wide deſtruction hath thy fury hurl'd,
How thinn'd the nations of the ravag'd world!
And thou, whoſe ſable pinions, wide outſpread,
O'er all the weſt Cimmerian darkneſs ſhed,
Known by thy phrenzy'd eye, thy blood-ſtain'd veſt,
The Gorgon horrors gleaming on thy creſt,
DEMOCRACY! than whom no direr fiend
Did e'er from hell's deep gloom to earth aſcend:
Oh! gender'd when primæval darkneſs reign'd,
And lawleſs anarchy her throne maintain'd;
That lov'ſt to mount the rapid whirlwind's wing,
And hear the ſavage midnight tempeſt ſing;
Or, baſking in the lightning's fearful blaze,
On the wreck'd globe to dart thy raptur'd gaze;

On burning towns and palaces o'erthrown,
And hear'ſt, unmov'd, expiring Nature groan;
Dragg'd to thine altars, what a countleſs throng,
Slaughter'd like beaſts, the ſhriek of death prolong!
Nor theſe of vulgar fame, or humble birth,
But of the nobleſt line, the proudeſt worth;
All that in virtue, talents, genius, ſhine,
Swell the dire carnage round thy gory ſhrine!
Or, urg'd by ſavage tenderneſs to ſave
From the dire horrors of an inſtant grave,
What ling'ring tortures ſhall the wretch await,
How black around him rolls the ſtorm of fate;
Torn from the darling child and blooming wife,
In deſert ſolitudes to waſte his life;
Condemn'd beneath a tropic ſun to toil,
Delve the dark mine, or plough the burning ſoil.
Infuriate fiend! at length thy wrath ſuſpend,
Or to the Lybian waſte thy footſteps bend,
On kindred tigers ſpend thy murd'rous rage,
But ceaſe with man eternal war to wage!

How wide the ſanguine deluge rolls around,
How deep it ſtains Italia's fertile bound!
Reflection ſhudders, while, before mine eyes,
Such ſcenes of black progreſſive horror riſe:
Latium! I ſee thy butcher'd ſons expire,
Thy temples blaze in ſacrilegious fire;
I ſee thy venerable mitred train
Dragg'd from their ſhrines, or at their altars ſlain. —
When from his frozen bound the Vandal came,
Sack'd Rome's proud walls, and wrapp'd her tow'rs in flame;
When high th'enſanguin'd Goth, in barb'rous pride,
His banners wav'd o'er Tibur's refluent tide;
When their dark hoſts through rich Campania pour'd,
And gave thy gaſping nobles to the ſword;
Nor Goth nor Vandal half ſuch havoc made,
As Gaul's dire chieftains through thy plains have ſpread.
When will the day of awful vengeance come?
I ſee it burſt from time's diſcloſing womb;
When, to the *genuine rights of men* awake,
Latium's inſulted ſons their bonds ſhall break;
And, while their ſouls with indignation burn,
On their proud lords their thirſty poniards turn;

One great revenge for all their wrongs obtain,
For provinces laid waſte and myriads ſlain;
With tides of Gallic blood expunge their ſtains,
And ſhew mankind that GOD, TH'AVENGER, reigns.
But not from Latium's beggard ſons alone
Streams the big tear and burſts the heart-felt groan,
Through Europe's fartheſt bounds what outcries riſe,
While age and youth with pray'r beſiege the ſkies,
The remnant of her drooping race to ſave,
And ſnatch expiring nations from the grave.

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,
Exalt your ſtandards, graſp th'avenging ſpear;
In radiant arms indiſſolubly join'd,
Be firm, — and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

Let baſe Batavia bow the ſtubborn neck,
And ravag'd Belgium tremble at his beck;
Let vanquiſh'd Spain in tears of blood bemoan
Her haughty ſpirit broke, and trampled throne;
Again let Pruſſia's perjur'd Lord be ſold,
And barter royal faith for Gallic gold;

While Auſtria, panting to divide the ſpoil,
Yields, for a ſlip of Latium's plunder'd ſoil,
What all the gems, that drink the ſolar ray
Deep in Golconda's mines, can ne'er repay,
Th'eternal rights which ſov'reign nations claim;
Gluts the gorg'd foe, and feeds devouring flame, ——
A flame that ſoon his empire ſhall conſume,
And turn his ſmoaking palace to a tomb.
But, oh! ſhall Britons, whoſe exalted name
Shines brighteſt on the dazzling roll of fame;
Shall the bold ſons of freedom and the waves
Shrink at the nod of Gaul's imperious ſlaves?
A race for dark inſidious wiles renown'd,
And damning perfidies, through Europe's bound;
Who boaſt to liberate enſlav'd mankind,
Then the gull'd fools in *chains eternal* bind;
Like *Judas*, the betraying KISS impart,
Claſp in their arms, then ſtab you to the heart:
Shall theſe rule Britain? Firſt ye lightnings ſweep
Yon blaſted cliffs, and whelm them in the deep.
Inſpir'd with dark miſtruſt and jealous hate,
They vow extinction to each neighb'ring ſtate;

While their dire myrmidons through diſtant lands
Spread their curs'd creed and hurl their flaming brands,
Till civil torches light them on their way,
And hoſts reſiſtleſs ſeize th'ungarded prey.

Shall yon hoar deep in vain your coaſts divide,
Britons, beware! nor paſs the bounding tide?
Heav'n girt your iſland with the barrier ſea,
Rent you from guilty Gaul, and ſaid, BE FREE!
Oh! while one ſpark of Britiſh fire remains,
And life's warm current circles in your veins;
True to the charge which God and Nature gave,
View, as a wall of braſs, that rampire wave:
Still lift the warding ſhield, the hoſtile lance, ——
Concord with all the world, but war with France.
Her threats deſpiſe, her proffer'd friendſhip ſpurn:
Immortal let your rooted hatred burn!

When Freedom's dauntleſs bands the trumpet ſound,
How, Britons, do your ardent pulſes bound!
Or, when on high her radiant banners wave,
Who readier ruſh a thouſand deaths to brave?

What boſom glow'd not when the galling yoke
Of tyrant pow'r your haughty rival broke?
But, when with royal blood her hand ſhe ſtain'd,
The trampled altars of her God profan'd;
When, with dire luſt of wild ambition fir'd,
To rule the globe her frantic aim aſpir'd;
In boundleſs maſſacre her ſword embru'd,
In fetters binding whom her arms ſubdu'd;
With Gothic tranſport, to her faithleſs ſhore
Th'enormous ſpoil of plunder'd Europe bore, ——
When, with the waſteful tiger's ſavage bound,
She daſh'd Rome's peaceful eagles to the ground,
And left her ſons their ANCIENT BOAST to mourn,
From the proud capitol remorſeleſs torn;
Who but with gen'rous indignation burn'd,
And from the hideous fiend abhorrent turn'd?
In vain, fair Liberty, ſhe vaunts thy fires,
No ray of thine her vulture ſons inſpires;
Tyrants or cringing ſlaves, through ev'ry age,
With Liberty unceaſing war they wage.
Whate'er her alter'd ſtyle or boaſted name,
Truſt me, perfidious Gaul is ſtill the ſame.

Aſk baſe Batavia what ſublime reward,
For perjur'd faith, her ſordid ſons have ſhar'd?
What boon for Auſtria's gentler yoke diſdain'd,
Save fines and ſtripes, hath ranſack'd Belgium gain'd?
Who, direr far than all the brooding ſtorms,
Whoſe rage Helvetia's wintry ſky deforms,
Have flames and ravage through her valleys pour'd,
And all the horrors of the ſlaught'ring ſword;
With ſounding promiſes her chiefs beguil'd,
Then, baſely, of their deareſt rights deſpoil'd!
Thoſe rights, ſo highly prized, ſo dearly bought,
For which in blood their valiant fathers fought; ——
Who to her yoke would freed Columbia bend,
Who from her brow the dear-earn'd laurel rend;
That ſceptre, which ſhe boaſts her Bourbon gave,
Would daſh to earth and cruſh the humbled ſlave.

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,
Exalt your ſtandards, graſp th'avenging ſpear;
In radiant arms indiſſolubly join'd,
Be firm, — and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

But,

But, are there daſtards ſo deprav'd and baſe
To pant for PEACE with this deteſted race?
Go, bid the everlaſting flame *deſcend*;
With Neptune's waters ſtrive that flame to blend;
Bid hungry tigers, prowling wild for food,
Crouch with the tameneſs of the fleecy brood,
When vanquiſhed Nature thus thy ſkill ſhall bend,
Then hope to make perfidious Gaul thy friend!
For ages who hath join'd each daring foe,
That aim'd thy tow'ring greatneſs to o'erthrow;
Beneath her yoke thy ſtubborn neck to bend,
And from thy graſp the ocean's ſceptre rend:
Of civil diſcord who the flames have fann'd,
When mad rebellion rag'd around the land;
Who fir'd her torches on Columbia's ſhore,
And from its parent ſtock an empire tore! ——
What though no ſoft ſeductive arts ye boaſt,
Rough like your native clime and rugged coaſt;
Ye glory in the nobler arts of truth,
And manlier paſſions fire your vig'rous youth;
High beat their breaſts with thirſt of nobler fame,
Warm with unſully'd Honour's veſtal flame;

Virtue

Virtue is theirs, — the ſubſtance, not the ſhow,
And theirs, fair Freedom! theirs thy genuine glow;
Courage in battle, like the bolt of Jove;
In victory, gentle as the ſhaft of love!
Theſe are your bulwark; and, when theſe ſhall fall,
Britain ſhall crouch the abject ſlave of Gaul.

Have you forgotten Creſſy's glorious field,
Where the black Edward rais'd th'unconquer'd ſhield;
Singly her whole embody'd pow'r withſtood,
And ruſh'd to glory through a ſea of blood. —
In vain three ſov'reigns, brave in arms, diſplay
The gorgeous enſigns of imperial ſway;
Dreadful as raging ſtorm, or waſting fire,
THE DAUNTLESS SON OF AN UNDAUNTED SIRE
Impetuous thunders through the myriad band,
Strikes the bright ſceptre from the palſy'd hand,
The lofty oſtrich from Bohemia tears,
And bids it grace Britannia's princely heirs!

Does Poictiers' day no rapt'rous thrill afford,
Where, with ſtill loftier wing, his genius ſoar'd,

When

When Glory's ſelf his conqu'ring legions led,
And plac'd her crown on his triumphant head.
Sublimely borne, and blazing through the ſky,
Before him ſee her banner'd pageants fly;
See at his feet her captive monarch bow,
And wail the jewels raviſh'd from his brow.

An army with the pangs of famine torn,
With waſting flux, and lengthen'd vigils worn,
When Agincourt its iron front diſplay'd
With no baſe fears great Henry's ſoul diſmay'd.
Like raging lions burſting from their toils,
While Glory holds aloft the dazzling ſpoils,
From ardent valour ſnatching health's bright glow,
His furious bands ruſh headlong on the foe,
Beat down the tow'ring helm, the threat'ning lance,
And lay in duſt th'aſpiring pride of France.
As down th'hiſtoric page the wond'ring Muſe,
Through rolling years, the brilliant theme purſues;
A thouſand Agincourts in glory riſe,
A thouſand Henrys ſtalk before my eyes;
A thouſand Edwards, burſting from the ſhades,
Toſs their proud plumes and wave their gleaming blades.

Britons,

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,
Exalt your ſtandards, graſp th'avenging ſpear;
In radiant arms indiſſolubly join'd,
Be firm, — and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

But, oh Britannia! what immortal ſtrain
Shall paint thy triumphs on the boundleſs main;
Who ſing the heroes that, from age to age,
Through ev'ry clime have bid thy thunder rage;
From burning realms where ſouthern deeps reſound,
To where eternal froſts the pole ſurround!
Who ſhall thy Howard's deathleſs feats recite,
Thy fearleſs Drake's, invincible in fight?
Whoſe valour, with the ſtorms of heav'n combin'd,
The proud Armada to the depths conſign'd.
To ardent glory's nobleſt fires awake,
What terrors could appal the ſoul of Blake?
When on the Belgic chief, that dar'd to *ſweep*,
With high-ſuſpended broom, th'inſulted deep,
Furious he ruſh'd; and tore, indignant, down
The barb'rous emblem of uſurp'd renown;

Then, driving o'er the ſurge the routed foe,
Swept the proud vaunter to the gulphs below.

Far diſtant on the vaſt Atlantic main,
To check the ravages of hoſtile Spain;
Skilful as brave along a death-fraught coaſt,*
Pocock to vict'ry leads a gallant hoſt:
Condemn'd to periſh on a barb'rous ſtrand,
Pale round his veſſels glides a ſpectred band;
And oft before his midnight couch they riſe,
Flames in their hands and lightning in their eyes,
Shouting revenge, and towards Havannah's ſpires
Wave their red arms and point their hoſtile fires.

'Mid threat'ning rocks, and waves in mountains roll'd,
Great Hawke, contending with the ſtorm, behold!
Nor rocks, nor roaring ſurge, nor madd'ning wind,
From its firm centre ſhake his ſteadfaſt mind;

* Alluding to the celebrated paſſage happily effected by this gallant admiral, with a fleet of near two hundred ſail, through the OLD STRAITS OF BAHAMA, an enterprize never equalled in courage or in danger but by the very recent one in the attack upon Oſtend.

On

On fate's tremendous verge the line he forms,
To France more dreadful than a thouſand ſtorms,
Bids through a night of clouds the fleet advance,
And hoſtile fires illume the dark expanſe.
In vain their broken line the Gauls oppoſe,
While, as the furious conflict fiercer glows,
The Britiſh cannon raging, tier o'er tier,
Flame on their van and thunder on their rear.
Wild as the whirlwinds, that impetuous ſweep
The raging ſurface of the troubled deep,
The Gallic veſſels o'er the ſurge are toſt,
Or ſwell the pomp of Britain's victor hoſt!
'Twas then, — while heav'n with angry tempeſts lower'd,
And victory on Hawke's proud ſtandard tower'd; ——
'Twas then from heav'n, the brilliant deed to crown,
Britannia's Angel ruſh'd in lightning down,
From France her naval wreath for ever tore,
And ſtamp'd to duſt on Biſcay's ſtormy ſhore.

If, urg'd by rage and furious from deſpair,
Again her baffled fleets the ocean dare,
Terrific, Neptune, on thy billowy field,
The lion Howe ſhall Britain's vengeance wield,

Or Rodney, dreadful in her kindled ire,
Rain on thoſe fleets a ſtorm of liquid fire.
While far remote, in India's ſultry ſky,
Cornwallis bids her flag triumphant fly;
And by her Barrington reſiſtleſs hurl'd,
Albion's deep thunder ſhakes the weſtern world

Sublimely thron'd on Vincent's rocky height,
Hark! Glory, from her ſhrine of circling light,
Loud hails her Jervis on th'Iberian main,
Reſiſtleſs burſting through the line of Spain!
Ardent to gain the wreath that Ruſſel crown'd,
And brave Boſcawen's vet'ran temples bound,
Reckleſs of ſtorms, behold intrepid Hood
Plough with unweary'd toil the briny flood;
In all their ports the ſkulking foe he braves,
And burns to plunge him in the whelming waves.
Laſt, but not humbleſt, on the roll of fame,
With nerve of adamant, with ſoul of flame,
See fearleſs Duncan, ranging undiſmay'd
Belgium's dire ſhore, with death and peril ſpread,
And ruſh, regardleſs of impending doom,
Where ev'ry billow yawns — a wat'ry tomb!

Though

Though ruin hover in a thouſand forms,
Reſolv'd, Batavia's marſhall'd fleet he ſtorms,
Tremendous on the foe his vengeance falls,
And thick around deſcend the rattling balls :
Retreat is vain ; behind the breakers roar,
While Britain's waſteful thunders urge before ;
The doubling game the dauntleſs Scot purſues,
And in the jaws of death the fight renews ;
Aloft in air her tatter'd ſtandards fly,
Low bends the ſtately maſt that pierc'd the ſky ;
Devouring flames conſume the glowing deck,
And a third navy floats — a boundleſs wreck !
Gaul views, enrag'd, her ſtrongeſt prop o'erthrown,
And into air her daring projects blown.
Rage, baffled Gaul ! for thus, ere yonder ſun
Thrice his bright journey round the zodiac run,
In black diſgrace ſhall all thy triumphs end,
And all thy tow'ring pride in *ſmoke* aſcend :
The injur'd object of thy jealous hate
Hurls at thy impious head the bolt of fate ;
On outrag'd heav'n's and man's determin'd foe,
Slow, but reſiſtleſs, rolls the fatal blow !

Ye myriads, whom her direful thirſt of blood
Plung'd in the rapid Rhone's empurpled flood,
Or from the cannon's rending mouth conſign'd,
In mangled fragments, to the blaſting wind;
All whom dire Roberſpierre's unſparing rage
Cruſh'd in the blooming vigour of your age;
Or, by ſucceeding Molochs dragg'd to death,
Who, deep in dungeons, drank infection's breath!
All who by hunger's pangs, to madneſs fir'd,
On your own ſabre's guiltleſs edge expir'd;
Or, to avoid unnumber'd horrors, quaff'd,
With pale and quiv'ring lips, th'empoiſon'd draught;
Shout from the grave — in your, in Nature's, cauſe,
Th'avenging ſword inſulted Britain draws:
See her bright enſigns blaze from ſhore to ſhore,
See her bold offspring round thoſe enſigns pour;
Her ancient NOBLES, warm with all the fires
That burn'd at Creſſy in their daring ſires;
Her valiant KNIGHTS, whoſe ſtreaming banners ſhew
Their blazon'd triumphs o'er the haughty foe;
Her gen'rous MERCHANTS, fam'd through ev'ry clime,
Of ſpotleſs faith and dauntleſs ſoul ſublime!

Whoſe

Whoſe flags, through many a diſtant ſea unfurl'd,
Uphold the commerce of the ravag'd world;
In ſocial bands remoteſt nations join,
Chill'd at the pole, or ſcorch'd beneath the line;
Patriots to virtue dear, for freedom bold,
Who HONOUR ſtill their PROUDEST TREASURE hold;
Her PEASANTS, glowing with a Briton's zeal,
Whoſe loyal hearts are *oak*, whoſe ſinews *ſteel:*
All ranks, all ages, feel the high alarms,
At Glory's call, impatient, ruſh to arms;
Ardent to meet a foe their ſouls diſdain,
Conqu'rors on ſhore and ſov'reigns on the main.

To victory ruſh on, ye dauntleſs bands!
The fate of Europe trembles in your hands;
Oh! ſtill for glory pant, for Britain burn,
Nor to the ſheath th'avenging blade return,
Till Liberty her trampled rights regain,
Till Juſtice re-aſſume her ancient reign;
Till vanquiſh'd Gaul in blood her crimes bemoan,
And heav'n's avenging arm, repentant, own;
Or, in the chains ſhe forg'd for Europe bound,
Spend her vain rage, and proſtrate bite the ground.

Britons,

Britons, the CRISIS of *her* fate draws near,
Advance your ſtandards, *launch* th'avenging ſpear;
In radiant arms indiſſolubly join'd,
YOUR FIRMNESS SHALL SUBDUE THE WORLD COMBIN'D.